

Faint handwritten notes: *Faintly written text* and *1070-224*

A NEVV
LACHRYMENTALL
AND FVNERALL ELEGY:

O R,
**A DISTILLATION OF GREAT
BRITTAINE'S TEARES, SHED**
for the vnexpected and sudden death of the tres-
vertuous and most glorious Prince **LODOVICK**,
Duke of *Richmond* and *Lenox*.

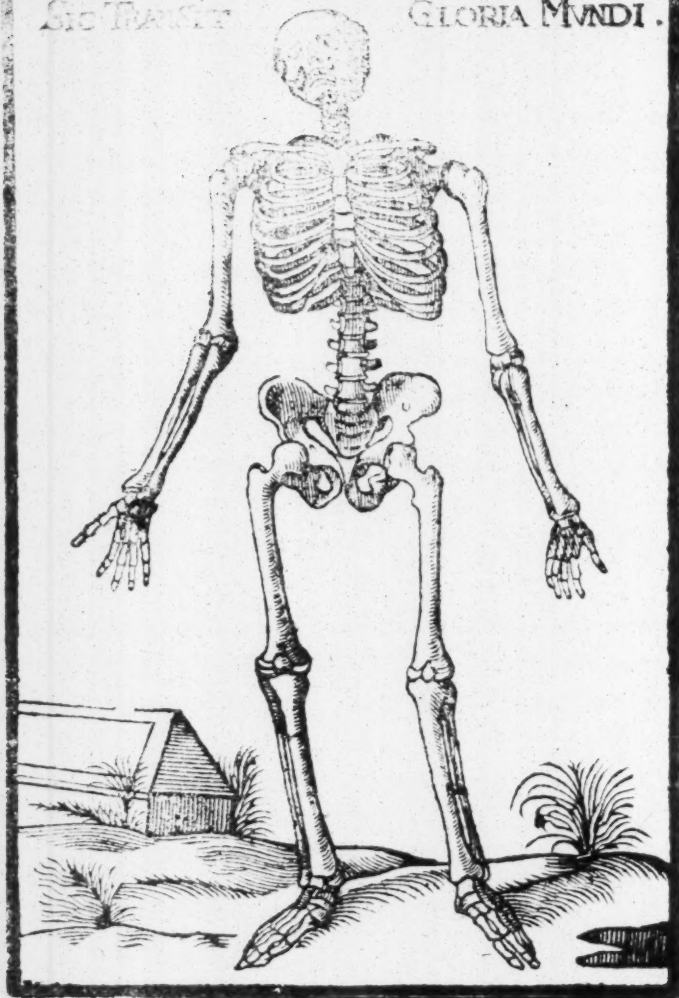
Who departed this transitory life, at his Chamber in
White-Hall, on Munday morning, being the 16. day
of *February* 1624. being the same day appointed and inten-
ded by him to haue attended and gone with our Soueraigne
Lord, *King IAMES*; *Prince CHARLES* his Highnesse,
and other the Nobilitie, in Robes of Scarlet, to the
Honourable House of *Parliament*, which by
reason of his death, was then put off
till the 19. day of *February*
following.



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of the *Dolphin* in *Distaffe Lane*. 1624

SIC TRANSIT

GLORIA MUNDI.





TO
THE MOST GRATIOVS FRANÇIS
DVCHESSE DOVVAGER OF
RICHMOND and LENOX, &c.



Noble Princeſſe, when you conſider the ſeuerrall dignities of the World, in one man ſo emine it, and neere and deare a Friend vnto you, it cannot but worke a deepe impreſſion in your minde, of ſo great a loſſe befallen you, whom the World doth take notice of, and my Elegie doth expreſſe: but not to make you mourne further; ſatis ſufficit. So on the other ſide, conſidering the frailtie of life in Princes, as well as others, I could endeavour to comfort you with the after-ioyes of his mortallitie, to ſtay your griefe, and teares, you being Wiſe, and knowing that our chiefe dependance muſt not be in mortall men, whoſe life and meanes of life is but tranſitory, as we our ſelues, and all things that we poſſeſſe be, and therefore muſt put our truſt and confidence in the ſm-mortall God, and Chriſt his Sonne, who is the wiper away of all teares, and the true and euerlaſting Husband of his Spouſe, the Church, and ſo by conſequence, of you, a Vertuous and Religious Duchefſe: who by place, perſon, and parts, deſerues the Antiquitie and prebeminence of many, which may ſtirre up ſome comfort in you. The ſympathie of his noble death and your tender heart-griuing, moues me to condole, and to be partaker with you both in heart and Pen, for ſo high and iuſt a Steward to God and King; who as here, ſo in Heauen, Did enter into his Maſters Ioy; the want of which Ioy in vs, ſhould make vs more mourne, then his preſent death, ſince death to all is a debt which of neceſſitie muſt be paid, and neceſſitie hath no law to relieue it ſelfe by too much griefe, but wiſely to make of ſuch neceſſitie a Vertue by a holy contentation of Gods will: Let this ſuffice, to content you with pati-

once, as Iob, and with his Heart, rehearse not your griefes, but as gracious Francis, enfranchise your selfe with truest comforts, and let Honour be honourably solemnized, as Rebecca did good Isaac, of which, I doubt not of your large and liberall loue therein, since you may conceiue another comfort folded within your sorrowes, by the noble and worthy assembly of Parliament, that attendeth their loues to his Funerall, as they intended his loue; if God had so appointed, to the Parliament. I haue writ this according to the promise made to your Grace by a worthy friend of mine, not as a professing Poet, but as a confessed seruant to your loue, which picke not dry Conceits from the fruit of other mens labours, in Funerall Elegies, and get the start of presentation to your Highnesse, and the Worlds view: yet not a better representation of sincere loue to the Noble Duke departed, and your lining graces: then I by these few lines hereafter shall expresse unto you, If not in Art, yet in heart. Thus craving your pardon and acceptance:

From him which is the true wel-wisher
of all comfort and happinesse
to your Grace:

SAMUEL TAILBOYS.

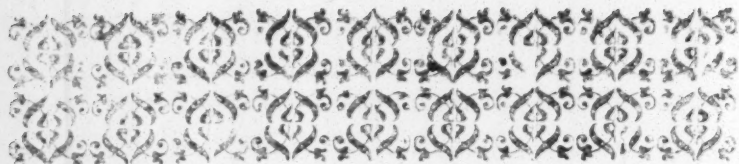
TO
 THE ILLVSTRIOVS PRINCE
 ESME DVKE OF LENOX, &c. EARLE
 OF MARCH and DARNLEY, &c. LORD OF
 AVBIGNY, TERFOLTON and METHVEN,
 BARON OF SETTRINGTON, &c.
 AND,
 TO THE MOST PIOVS PRINCESSE
 KATHERINE, HIS GRATIOVS
 DVCHESSE, &c.



Hereas noble Duke and Duchesse; I like a Funerall souldier, march my thoughts and Muses towards you, as not against your intire & friendly bond of amitie & loue you euer bare to your deceased brother; and now liuing sister, the Prince and Princeesse of *Richmond* and *Lenox*, but to ioyne my defence and loue with yours against the Common Aduersarie of ours, which is too much lamentation and sorrow, since the true March of Pietie, teacheth all: That death is an aduantage to the godly, both to the liuing and the dead; to the dead, I know you doubt not of: to the liuing, *Salomon* the wise saith, *Better it is to be in the house of Mourning, then in the house of Feasting*, for the wise doe lay it to their hearts, and the God of wisdom hath directed his honors so vnto you, as your religious thoughts, may March to God with your name; and I am bold in this Month of *March* to present the Springing thoughts of comfort to you and your Noble Posteritie, which to both your graces, and to the springing hopefull Plants of your loynes. I pray and wish all heauenly and earthly prosperitie, to remaine to you and yours for euer.

Your Graces deuoted

SAMVEL TAILBOYS.



to the Noble and Generous Reader.



Shall not neede to incite you, or cite to you the Coun-
cell of *S. Paul*, *To mourne with them that mourne, and*
reioyce with them that reioyce, though I shall by my
Elegie giue you cause for both in one Obiect, a
worthy Prince, and Duke: for I know you are ca-
dy to Minister it vnto your selfe in the loue of him
who was so beloued, and especially now to mourne
for his losse, whose worth and parts, had so many
deserued titles of Honour, and was so gracious and good a member, for
the good of all *Brittaine*, both to Church and Common-wealth. In
which respect, I commend my loue to your good liking, and acceptance
of this after Elegy.

S. T.

AN ELEGIE TO

THE WELL-DESERVING
HONOUR OF THAT PIOUS AND
Glorious Prince deceased, *LODOVICKE*
STEVVARD, Late Duke of *Richmond* and *Lenox*,
Earle of Newcastle and *Darneley*, &c. Lord of *Torbolton*
and *Methuen*, &c. Baron of *Settrington*, &c. Knight of
the Noble Order of the Garter, Lord high Admirall,
and Great Chamberlaine of Scotland, Lord high
Steward to the KINGs most excellent Maiesties
most Honourable Household, Gentleman of his
Maiesties Bed-Chamber, and one of his
Maiesties most Honourable Priuy
Councell for *England* and
Scotland.



O vv sodaine was the losse of
Noble Grace,

In *LOD'VVICKE* high, brought
lowe in a short space:

One day flourishing like the
FLOVVER DE LVCE,

Next vanishing, like Flower of no vse.

One day seemes strong as Bull, his Crest of Armes;

Next day knockt downe by cruell Death his harmes?

O cruell Death! to murder such a worth,

Of highest price with God and Man, set forth,

The righteous men God takes from ill to come,

To possesse Ioy, though grieve may fall to some,

Like French
Flower,

His Crest a
Bull spitting
fire,

A NEWV FVNERALL ELEGY.

slowly in
night.

As is to me and all his friends a crosse,
When I and they doe see so great a losse.
Great LOD-O-VVIEKE his weeks through al the yeare,
In care and loue to *Brittaine* did appeare,
Graue, wise, iust, true, a mirrour of mankinde
In Vertues goodnesse, which flowed in his minde,
For publike good, and for his priuate fate,
Did load each weeke with loue and lordly state.

was in la-
ne.

LVDO VICVS could say I play with strength,
His recreations comely at Bowe length,
And shot his arrowes long from arrow-head,
With strength, with skill, til dart of death strook dead:
He like a *Jonathan* that vsde his skill,

Compared
to Jonathan,
Sauls true
friend.

To prosper *David* from the wickeds will
Of *Sauls* abroad that secretly doth dart
To wrong the life of truth, in our Kings heart,
Who euer yet with Harpe of Peace hath plaid,
To please such *Sauls*, their rigour to haue laid,
From cruell wrongs of Countrey and of blood,
So neere him wrong'd by *Sauls*, that is not good,
This *Jonathan*, for such car'd not at all,
Though they were Kings as cruell as was *Saul*,
But freely, friendly, thus his life and daies,
Spent in loue of s *King*, wife, and friends alwaies.

Palatine.

Mourne Heau'ns for one so high and true to King:
Mourne Earth for him whose praise on earth did ring:
Mourne

A NEWV FVNERALL ELEGIE.

Mourne Brittaines all for Peere of noble fame,
 Whose true respect to you and truth did frame :
Drop Eies and Pen; & mourne with them that mourne
 For losse of *Richmonds* Duke so highly borne,
 Yet borne to die, and dies to liue for euer,
 So as his worth and praise to die will neuer.
 Whose royall bloud to King, though borne in *France*,
 And by Kings loue in *Scotland* had substance,
 Of honours due as his deserts brought forth,
 Till *Brittaines* glory brought him of more worth :
 All three their Language from each place he had,
 Hon ring this Land, as we of him were glad,
 So comely, Courtly bred of French we finde,
 Indu'd by birth by Armes and Language kinde,
 And now hath left his names Integritie
 Vnto a brother of the same sinceritie,
Earle March now *Duke* transporteth so his name,
As earth and beauns doe glory in their fame,
 Being so like of Nature, Grace, and parts,
 Deserues like loue and honour from all hearts,
 The *Heau'nly* *Steward* which commandeth Kings,
 And calleth all his Stewards to reck'nings,
 In life and death to him all must account,
 For things here done what ere it doth amount.
 Our *Steward* high whose life and loue was iust,
 That high and low did faith fully him trust,

Royalbloud

Of three languages.

The new
 Earle *March*,
 Duke of *Le-*
 NOX.

GOD:

Lodwicke
Steward,
 Lord high
 Steward,

A NEWV FVNERALL ELEGYS

Is now, from *Stewardship of Name and Place*,

Called to God for a more higher grace,

Princes Co. Of honours due, *Crown'd so in Angels sight*; (spight,

toner. Though Natures grace, Death shew'd his mortall

So suddenly to shorten his sweet daie,

In worldly Stage, where all our *Hues* are Plaies,

Whose Sceane hath end, in better Ioyes to rest,

My joy's for him, that he is euer blest.

Francis Du. Then *Noble Duchesse*, grieue not for your crosse,

chasse. Beare't patiently, though it be heauy losse;

That by the tryall of your patience,

You being Gods, his loue yeelds recompence

To Faith, to Grace, by King, by Prince and Friends,

All ioynes in one, and Grace and Honour lends:

Some Natures grieve cannot well patience beare,

But Womens ornament puls off and teare,

Which should not be, but for to wipe *Christs* feete,

When teares doe wash them by Repentance meete:

Yceliquid eies mourne not for him in dust,

His Soule's in Heauen, to joy therefore yee must.

So wisely now *Steward* your owne griefes care,

As they with grieve breed not your mindes despaire.

Duke, Though *Richmonds* riches of this world is gone,

Rich-mon. With him, heau'nly riches remaines alone,

de. With Highnesse, Greatnesse, and true beautie there,

Although next *Christ*, he left his beautie here.

A NEW FUNERALL ELEGY.

A Princeſſe high, noble, good, and vertuous,
A Duchefſe wiſe, of comely grace, and beautious :
 Yet now his beautie doth with Angels ſing,
 As rich in loue ſtill to his Doue and King,
 And ſhines about the Sunne in brighteſt glory,
 As member fit for Gods eternall Story,
 L E N O X departed conſters *Night of life,*
 A ſodaine darkeneſſe made to King and Wiſe,
 That ſhall ne're ſee his day of life againe,
 Till they to him ſhall goe for ſuch like gaine :
For he (as Earle) hath early got the hold
Of a New-Caſtle Strong, where he is bold
 'Gainſt ſiane, and Saran, ſickneſſe, griefe, and ſmart,
 By Diuine power reſiſts them all apart :
 Together bent, they cannot him withſtand,
New-Caſtles force ſo high on Mount doth ſtand,
 And he as Lord hath one which is about him,
 As he was Lord, ſo many were below him.
 All his Baronies and his Lordſhips place,
 His titles great haue now farre greater grace ;
 Thoſe ſhew'd deſert, commending *Lenox loue*
 To Soueraigne Grace, whole merits well did proue,
 And found in Scotland and in England to,
 Where he ſuch loue and honour obtain'd ſo,
 In number ſixe in one, and ſixe in other,
 If any Lord deſerues it, tis his Brother :

Old Duke
of Lenox.

Earle of
New-caſtle,

Lord of
Scotland;

Had titles
12.

A NEVV FVNERALL ELEGIE.

Knights of
Garter.

With whom for Wisedomes loue I doe here Quarter,
To gaine the George, and Englands Noble Garter
To weare; with HONI SOIT QVI MAL Y PENSE,
Since name and fame doth carry the like Sense,
Of Steward, and Duke, Earle, Lord, and Baron,
Though he some places had on the Maron,
Of Scotlands Admirall and Chamberly'n,

Lord.
Admirall &
Chamber-
lain of Scot-
land.

Which our King IAMES did place him both therein.

And now (as Admirall) floates aboute the Sea
Of stormy waues, and of the biting flea,
I meane of Death, whose Chambers are of earth,
And bites vs here to drinke our blood and breath:

All this and more to speake I might be teller
Of his true praise as Priuy Counsellor,

Who was so lou'd in Country, Citie, Court,
That where he came he had a good report,

Kings priuy
Councillor
of England
& Scotland.

Of high and low, all wish'd (his life might last)

To see him sit in Parliament, and grace,

For good of King, his Countrey high and small,
Roab'd with Skarlet, as Nobles, so had all.

the Parlia-
ment did re-
ceiue him.

In Parliament-House appointed was his place,
His time and day was come for publike grace.

The Commons they came, and thought to greet him,
The Peeres and Nobles there thought to meet him;
The Bishops ready to offer Incense sweet,
For him and all to offer Prayers meet;

But

A NEVV FVNERALL ELEGY.

But he himselfe was turn'd the Sacrifice,
 And turn'd them all to sorrowes weeping eies,
Both King, and Prince, our Commons and our State,
Did stay, as though they came his Hearse to waite,
 Or were so summon'd here to meet his death,
 That ouer-ioy'd this day and gaue vp breath,
 Like *Simeon*, Lord let thy seruant part,
 Now I haue seene this day which joy'd my heart,
 Christs loue to me and land, which rob'd his ~~on~~ back,
 For Parliament in Heauen where is no lacke
 Of Honour, Beautie, Riches, and true Fame,
 Since he is Christs, and Christ is his by name,
 Where Grace, and Names, and Honours all in one,
 Agrees with Saints though we like Saints do moane,
 And mourne in all degrees following Hearse,
 With Trumpets sound and Heralds to rehearse.

Like *Simeon*
 that hoped
 for Englands
 good there-
 by.

Allwhich is said, may be so from his Name,
 Construed true from's Latine Anagram :

LVDOVICVS STVARTTE.

est,

VIRTUTE DVCTO SALVS.

Such Ioyes the godly doe in death attaine,
 That death's no losse, but a Coelestiall gaine;
 For dying in the Lord, they dying liue,
 And for their life he doth a better giue.
 Here's for your comfort then, he liu'd in feare
 Of God and Heau'n, and now he liueth there.

F 7 N 7 S.

MUSEUM
BRITAN

